Malum

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Summary

"It is unspeakably rude to not uphold a gentleman’s agreement.”

“You are no gentleman-...”

The Devil smiled at Will, dark, amber eyes burning bright and red in the flashes of lightning that illuminated the church.

“I am neither gentle, nor am I man.”

-

A Horny Hannigram Autumn Adventures 2023 bingo prompt fill for 'thunderstorm'.

“Hail Mary, Full of Grace, The Lord is with thee-... Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus-...”

The wooden beads of the rosary clicked softly against one another as Will’s fingers desperately clenched around them, his hands trembling, knuckles turning white with how fiercely he held onto them.

His mouth felt dry, tongue darting out to wet his lips, voice quiet and pleading as he brought forth his prayer, trying in vain to not succumb to the fear and panic that rose inside of him at the sounds of the rain growing stronger against the high glass windows, winds howling, the storm and thunder drawing ever closer.

It was not the violent turn of the sunshine to rain that day alone that had brought about Will’s sorrow.

Ever since the first colourful, dead leaves of autumn had fallen, he had dreaded the first storm to come, and the unholy presence it would bring forth.

The ghost of his past that Will had tried to evade for nearly two decades, running to the ends of the earth, yet never able to escape from the grasp of Evil.

The sounds of the storm suddenly picked up, a gust of icy air travelling down the rows of the empty church, reaching the priest kneeling at the altar with ease as the church doors opened and closed behind Will.

Will’s fingers ached as he held onto his rosary as tightly as he could as he heard the calm, patient footsteps of the expensive, polished shoes that slowly approached him, echoing softly all around them, and he tried to keep his eyes fixed on the large cross that hung just beyond the altar.

“Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of our death-...”

Will’s breath quickened as he heard the footsteps right behind him, his heart beating so fast he feared for his life, yet he would rather be taken by his Lord now than submit to the Evil that had found him yet another year.

“Amen-...”

Will whimpered quietly, pressing his eyes closed as he felt a big, warm hand reach for him from behind, cupping the side of his face with a gentleness that brought tears to his eyes, knowing it was nothing but the precursor to the violence to come.

“Every year, you pray, and every year I find myself moved by the beauty of your voice.”

Will sobbed quietly, following the unspoken command of the hand on him, gesturing for him to rise from his knelt position.

“And yet- every year-... you mock me with the same cruelty-...”

The voice behind him laughed, quiet and amused, yet not unkind.

“Am I cruel then, for following my nature as you are yours?”

“Your nature is despicable and evil-...” Will hiccuped quietly, trying to focus on the cross before him, not letting his eyes wander to the arms around him, clad in the most exquisite suit, the strong, yet delicate hands on him.

Hands that made easy work of his robe, stripping him down to his bare skin in the sacred house of his God, shaming him in the eyes of the painted saints all around them.

“I am what I was made to be. The necessary Evil, casting shadows to the creations in the light of your God…”

Will protectively wrapped his arms around himself, aware that it would do nothing to deter the entity that would find and torture him for the rest of his days, year after year.

Reluctantly he let himself be turned around, coming face to face with the handsome, alluring features of the Devil.

“Despicable, however, is how you treat me, my dear Father. I have given you all you ever wanted, yet you continue to try to evade me. You try to withdraw from my grasp. It is unspeakably rude to not uphold a gentleman’s agreement.”

“You are no gentleman-...”

The Devil smiled at Will, dark, amber eyes burning bright and red in the flashes of lightning that illuminated the church.

“I am neither gentle, nor am I man.”

Will gasped as his back hit the hard surface of the altar, the rosary nearly slipping from his grasp with shock and pain.

He quickly grabbed for it, folding his trembling hands around it protectively across his chest as the Devil forced himself between his legs, a low chuckle tumbling from his lips, hands slowly savouring the touch of Will’s soft and naked, warm human skin underneath him.

“It’s a nice thought, isn’t it? That God hasn’t abandoned you…”

Will felt the hot, salty tears on his lashes as he opened his eyes, the cross above him now turned upside down from his perspective, yet finding no comfort in the thought of the Cross of Saint Peter as the devil in human form leaned over his body, voice quiet and calm, contrasting the violence in his touch as he ravished him.

“He abandons all of his creations, Will… I, on the other hand, just like your shadow, will follow you until the end of time…”

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